"Danger comes swifter when despised." *See page ii. of Cover.*

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JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 473 SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this number see page 23.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Largest Circulation of any Weekly Journal in the Kingdom.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an Insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. Exactly similar benefits are given by our sister-journal *Everywoman's Weekly*. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND POST TO US THE WEEKLY COUPON WHICH WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK AFTER ITS RECEIPT BY US, AND MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY, OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£100
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, or Turks, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.
TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

June 26 1915.

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....*Newsagent of*

.....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address .....

June 26, 1915. .....

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not use of the Newsagent's Form above, fill in this form and post it to us (a half-penny stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured..... *Address*.....

.....

Age next Birthday..... *Date of Signature* .....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..... *Address*.....

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. .....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR

"RABALAC"

is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on p. 28.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 473. Week ending Saturday, June 26th, 1915. One Penny.

OUR GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for June 19th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 381,643 and 999,835.

Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to
THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL,"
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Mr. Asquith.

A.M.G. is now the almost unanimous view of the House of Commons—Asquith Must Go. The fact is, he has given the whole game away, and the ordinary M.P. now knows that he is found out, and that the nation has no further use for him—and the man who has lifted the veil which has hitherto covered the Party fraud from the public gaze must pay the penalty. Consequently, the Premiership Stakes are already being run for. Lloyd George is at present leading, with Sir Edward Grey close up; Sir John Simon is a moderate third—with Winston whipping in. *What price the last one?*

Lord Fisher.

We have excellent and conclusive reason for saying that Lord Fisher is not only willing, but eager, to return to the Admiralty. Now then, Mr. Asquith—let bygones be bygones. "Jack's the lad."

Sic Gloria.

Poor Warneford! What more than that can be said? Happy the land that can produce such a son; proud the parents who have given him to the world. He flashed like a meteor across the firmament of the war—and, like a meteor, has gone to the realms of mystery. *But he is not dead.*

The Giant Zeppelin.

So the Government has no objection to it being known that we are about to launch a veritable air leviathan. Would they object to equal candour about something else—something to do with the sea? Lord Fisher knows what we mean.

Ramsay's Rot.

Ramsay Macdonald says he is not responsible for the distribution of those pro-German pamphlets amongst the relatives of killed and wounded soldiers. Rot! Let him withdraw them from publication; that is, if the police *won't* confiscate them.

"The Kaiser and Peace."

Did you notice those newspaper posters the other day? We *still* think the end will be soon. More anon.

"Parliament."

Apropos of the etymology of this word, to which we refer elsewhere, there is one meaning—for which Lord Coke vouches—which surely cannot be correct: "*parler le ment*—to speak *one's mind.*" How *can* the average M.P. do *that?* By the way, does fundament mean "the bottom of the mind"?

A Bit of their Own.

If we were at liberty to publish what we know about our proposed method of reprisals for the asphyxiating gas, you wouldn't have much doubt about the duration of the war. "Have *we* no chemists?" we asked several weeks ago. We *have.*

A Big Ben.

Three cheers for Ben Tillett. Did you read that stirring message—in the *Express*—of his from the front, where he has been seeing things for himself? Ben is the most human, and the most lovable—the two things are synonymous—Labour leader who ever lived, and he is a true leader. We have known him intimately for many years. The right stuff has always been there; it only wanted this war to bring it out.

The Editor's Plans.

Are you interested in these? If so, see page 15 of this issue.

Our Recruiting Campaign.

We have had a busy week—with Hoxton, Tottenham and Tagg's Island—but the harvest has been good. Tagg's Island was particularly fruitful—a wonderful open-air demonstration, followed by a rare rush to the Recruiting Office. Miss Olga Nethersole, the famous actress, thrilled the audience with her personal experiences of interviews with Belgian families, giving their sworn testimony about German outrages. It was a grand idea on the part of Mr. Fred Karno to place his beautiful grounds at the disposal of the Meeting. By the way, what *is* that Parliamentary Recruiting Committee doing?

Important! For particulars of our Free War Insurance—see page ii. of cover.

Not *Verboten!*

"With reference to your paragraph headed 'Good-byes *Verboten?*'" writes a correspondent, "I think you ought to hear the other side of the case. Last Sunday I went down to Aldershot to bid my adieus to three good pals ordered to the front the following morning. There were no cheap "day" fares, but the train was crowded to its utmost capacity, so I could not grumble. When I ultimately found my friends and was having a look round, I remarked on the number of women-folk in evidence everywhere. I was told that the War Office had arranged a special train for them, either absolutely free or at a very nominal fare, to bid good-bye to their husbands, sons, brothers or sweethearts. Considering the terrific pressure in other directions, I thought to myself 'here surely is a symptom of a Business Government.' At any rate, *there* was the human feeling and there was the evidence of how much it was appreciated. Coming back to town my compartment was suddenly filled with three mothers and four children—three babies in arms and one 'toddler.' The 'toddler' was a boy about 18 months or 2 years old, smothered in cake-crumbs and chocolate, yelling for his daddy. When I had got his mother to wipe his face, and taken the little chap on my knee and had distributed exactly fourpence among the babies, I began to be popular. The mothers were decidedly hysterical in their laughter at first, but as I got on terms of friendship with the babies they became more and more communicative, and long before we got to Vauxhall you could not have found a merrier crowd anywhere in the world. To me it was an absolute revelation. These young women with their babies gave me a lesson. They had parted from their men, all going to the front, with only a mere chance of returning, and they knew that in a week or so they might be widows and their babies orphans. But they kept the flag flying. God! how they kept it flying; and how a useless old man of over fifty envied them! There is nothing in the world equal to the British spirit, and it will prevail."

Poison in the Meat.

A firm of meat exporters in Uruguay, employing Austrians and Germhuns, have been contractors with the French Government. The *Buenos Aires Herald* now publishes a dispatch from Montevideo stating that the Government recently returned to this firm a consignment of twenty thousand tons of preserved meat, having discovered that "the food was in bad condition and contained substances injurious to health. There is a rumour that this was a case of a criminal attempt to poison those who ate the meat." At any rate, the matter is clearly one for inquiry on the part of the Uruguayan authorities. Germans in a meat factory are quite as capable of fighting the French with ptomaines as Germhuns in trenches are capable of fighting them with poison gases; whether in this sensational instance they have deliberately tried to do so remains to be seen.

The Coal Cellar.

The news that the Government will make a move to scotch inflated prices in the coal trade has already set the dealers to work, and they are trying to snatch their profits before the tumble comes. Customers are circularised to buy largely now, to fill their cellars now, or to contract now for a twelve months' supply—all at the present figure. This sudden symptom of solicitude for the pocket of the consumer is rather suspicious, and suggests that the trade begins to feel a draught. Old birds are not to be caught with chaff, and wily householders are inclined to bide a wee. The Government may yet achieve something sensible in the matter of the coal cellar.

"Watchman! What of the Night?"

Assuredly we are the most trustful people within the bounds of space; at least, if there is one to beat us their name and address will be welcomed at this office to file for reference. The motor works of Messrs. Brown, Hughes, and Strachen, Ltd., at Park Royal, occupied three acres of ground. On the early morn when three hundred Army Service Corps and ambulance motor-vehicle bodies—£120,000 worth—went to blazes, one solitary watchman was on duty. "The night watchman," explains the veracious reporter, "was going his round of the great premises when he saw that fire had broken out in the centre of the works." On this occasion it is conceivable that the firm miscounted the Germhuns in our midst, and too lightly assumed that they are all engaged in distributing religious tracts or writing pretty letters to the newspapers. Perhaps by the time the next world-war is due, the firm will bethink themselves of engaging an additional watchman.

"Do Give Us a Shout."

"I have been discharged from the 1st Northampton Regiment medically unfit through wounds received at Ypres on November 2nd, 1914, since when I have been repeatedly pestered by would-be recruiters to enlist. Do give the discharged troops a shout of some sort—I mean, help them to get a badge or something to distinguish the whackers from the slackers. My wounds are not visible unless I undress, and of course I can't undress to everybody in the street who wants to shame me into enlistment." So writes to us one who has done his bit and sealed it with his blood. Why does not the War Office issue a badge for such men and be quick about it? (It will be many a long day before medals are struck.) Or why not let the soldier discharged in honourable and heroic service of his King and country retain his khaki until the end of the war?

About Billets.

Norwich welcomed home its V.C. hero the other day, and he found the cathedral city in a fret over a question of billets. The ladies of the Catton district, who have mothered the soldiers till recently, are annoyed because all the billets have been suddenly transferred to another quarter. And, it appears, somebody has said the Catton district is the slum quarter, and that its billets are dirty. Considering that the protesting ladies have attended to men of the Essex, Bedford, and Northants Regiments in turn, without complaint and with many thanks expressed verbally, and in writing, it is small wonder if they are "up in arms." They resent the slur, rightly, on their cleanliness and their patriotism. As to their little corner being a slum—well, there! If the men had to be shifted elsewhere, they think the removal should have been carried out more tactfully and without insult. So do we.

Penny Bank Payments.

Here is a complaint from a Penny Bank depositor, which we commend to those responsible for paying out the money: "I should like to voice a complaint respecting the National Penny Bank, Queen Victoria Street. I have been several times to get my money, but each day there is such a crowd that I have not been able to wait my turn. To-day I arrived there at 5.23, only to be told I was too late; yet it says as plain as possible that the closing time is 5.30. My case is only one of many. One poor woman had paid her fare from the other side of Pimlico twice, then never got her money." Surely some better arrangement could be made than this—despositors being divided into alphabetical classes?

More "Bullets" Holiday prizes to be won this week. There is one for *you*.

Shunting the Soldier.

A soldier is bound to return to his duty when his furlough expires; no excuse will save him from punishment in case of failure. Yet is Mr. Atkins occasionally hard put to it to obey the King's Regulations. A party of soldiers, arriving at a London terminus, were a quarter of an hour in front of time for their last train, but it was so overcrowded that they were unable to squeeze in anywhere, and off it went without them. The station-master, very kindly and civilly, put them on to a train that carried them part of the way, promising to have them sent through from there. On arrival at that spot, nothing had been heard of the matter; so the telephone was set to work, and the men were sent on to yet another station, on the strength of similar kind and thoughtful promises—which, again, were unfulfilled. The upshot saw them landed nine miles from their proper station. They were obliged to choose between sleeping on the platform, so becoming "deserters" for a night, or doing the journey on foot—or otherwise if it would run to it. Six soldiers clubbed up and motored it, at a cost of nine shillings, and they tell us "it is no uncommon occurrence for soldiers to be sent from pillar to post in that way." The broken promises were uncivil, and the management was bad; the least a penitent railway company can do is to recoup the men for their outlay, and to arrange the transport of their bodies more methodically.

A Debt of Honour.

Of course, we must all be very careful not to hold a candle to the Devil or his angels in the shape of Zeppelin craft; and, generally speaking, it is doubtless right that the proprietor of an establishment should be responsible for the observance by its inmates of the lighting regulations framed by the military authorities. At the same time, we discern an element of hardship in the recent conviction at Brighton of Mrs. Bessie Boswell, an apartment-house keeper, "for not obscuring lights, on three occasions, at her house, which overlooks the sea." Mrs. Boswell explained that her appearance in Court was traceable to the obstinacy of one of her lodgers, who had steadily refused to comply with the police requirements. Why this gentleman should want the light from his windows to stream out upon the vasty deep we cannot pretend to say, but now that Mrs. Boswell has been fined 50s. on his account, he will doubtless be anxious, as a gentlemen, a knight and a magistrate, to foot the bill.

"Watts"—Latest Edition.

Once upon a time, there was a very pious poet, yclept Isaac Watts. Even unto this day there exists a "Divine Song"—"Let dogs delight to bark and bite, For God hath made them so"; this was one of his. One "W. J. C.," sending to us some verses called "The Germhun," reminds us of dear Isaac. Says he: "The infamous and fiendish Hun, Impervious to shame, In vileness wallows so that we, Can find for him no name. No brute is low enough to give A name to suit him well, Earth he pollutes and he must go, He's too long out of ——" Then his pious feelings overcome him, and he makes a dash, apparently because he is gravelled for a word to rhyme with "well." How does "Amen" do?

The Briton's Badge.

Are you wearing your British Citizenship Badge, with its fine motto, *Civis Britannicus Sum?* If not, send a postal order for one shilling to John Bull's Store, Brownlow House, High Holborn, without delay.

According to Regulations.

As an aid to recruiting, the War Office should without delay publish the regulation about hospital treatment, as—judging by a letter which has reached us—it does not appear to be widely known among recruits. A man of the Black Watch, Porthouse Camp, was sent to hospital. He was there eleven weeks. He receives pay 1s. a day; he contributes 9d. a day for the maintenance of his bedridden, paralytic mother, and 7d. a day was deducted from his pay while in hospital—so that he now owes the Army authorities 4d. a day for his stay in hospital, not because he was anxious for a holiday, or loves hospitals, but because his duties loaded him with sciatica and lumbago. "Will you kindly tell me," he asks, "whether they are entitled to deduct 7d. a day for the hospital training and stop from my pay the 4d. a day they say I owe them?" Without any doubt whatever; it is all according to Cocker—as accurate a sum in arithmetic as was ever calculated by a Paymaster-General. Unless there is a secret clause in the regulations which entitles the soldier to a counterclaim of 5s. a day for wear and tear of sciatica and lumbago contracted while performing the duties of his calling, he will have to pay up that 4d. a day unto the uttermost farthing. He can have gout, rheumatism, pains in the back, limp in both feet, and neuralgia of the epigastrium *à la carte* or *table d'hôte*, at the same price.

The Song of the Shirt.

According to a copy of the *Statesman*, which we have just received from India, the men of the 10th Middlesex Regiment, stationed in Calcutta, are suffering from a decided grievance. Each non-commissioned officer and man on arrival six months ago was served out with one shirt, instead of the two to which he is entitled, and last month they were ordered to *purchase* another one, at the price of three and a-half rupees—five rupees a week being the regimental pay. The complexion of this case does not please us, and we suggest that the authorities at Simla should look into the matter at once. In the meantime, we wonder what Tommy has been doing for the last six months while his one shirt was at the wash.

Poetry in the Trenches.

All sorts of people seem to have enlisted in this war—even poets, of sorts. Here is the last verse of an appealing screed which Private Gallagher, of 2nd K.O.Y.L.I., C. Company, No. 9 platoon, tells us he "wrote and composed during a lull in the fighting": "The Germhun Jack Johnsons their mortars as well, Have all tried to shift us helt. skelt. and pell mell, But we've proved to the Germhuns that true British sons, No matter what's coming. can stick to their guns. So roll up in thousands, you boys o'er the foam, Your country it needs you, so why stay at home, For when it's all over and history made, You'll be proud you belonged to the 13th Brigade." 'Tis thus the British soldier—he improves each shining hour.

No Shopping on Wednesdays.

Whether or not they are inspired by jealous shopkeepers, the Aldershot Town Council have intimated to the Young Men's Christian Association, which we are informed by several signatories to a letter before us "is doing such good work amongst our Tommies," that if it continues to sell goods to soldiers on Wednesday afternoons its Secretary will be prosecuted under the Shops Act. As the Council insist that the law is the law, it is evident there is no appeal, and that soldiers will have to lay in their Flor de Woodbines and other necessaries of life on Tuesday night or Wednesday mornings.

Air Raids! The simplest precaution—fill in the Coupon on page ii. of cover.

Concerning her Stockings.

"Look at her stockings!" cried naughty children of Runcorn, when a young actress condescended to perambulate the thankless streets. Perhaps they were open-work hose—we say perhaps, for we do not pretend to stable information; anyway, we think it pleasant to see pretty actresses walking about and letting us remark upon their charming stockings and blouses—or the place where the blouse ought to be. Runcorn children, however, were ungrateful; they jeered, gibed, followed, and threw stones. We know what happened to the children who cried "Go up, thou bald-head!" to the prophet; they were eaten of bears. The actress, more merciful than the patriarch, just turned round and swiped one of her tormentors. Taken to Court for the assault, the poor girl confessed her offence, pleaded she had been sorely tried, and broke down and cried. Somebody said she earned only 23s. a week, out of which she kept her mother; and we are glad the magistrates dismissed the case, reproaching the children for bad manners. The moral of all this appears to be that pretty actresses should not walk in the street, but should parade town in their magnificent motors. Then the children would not worry, but worship.

"Hands Across the Sea."

Seldom have we more heartening pleasures in life than those which are provided by letters which reach us from distant readers. Here is one from Mrs. Bertha Brownless, of Paeroa, Ohinemuri, New Zealand. After some comments on the lavish hospitality showered on the Germhun officers cushioned at ease in Donington Hall, Mrs. Brownless proceeds: "We greatly enjoy having our dear old JOHN BULL every week, but sometimes we have to wait, when we get six copies at once; but they are well read and then handed on to those living near, afterwards being posted to the back blocks to those who cannot otherwise get them. Our one wish is to see the very latest, as our newest is always two months old. JOHN BULL to us is the most just, the most kind, the most clever paper in print. You have no idea how the paper is loved and looked up to by those who read it out here? Good luck to JOHN BULL and all its staff." We can at least reciprocate the good wishes, even if we blush at the compliments. Madam, to you and yours, health and happiness in your home from Home!

"Revenge and Victory."

With reference to our comments on the advertisement of the man Leese, who appealed in a Warrington paper for large or small sums of money to complete a machine which he said would do more harm to the Germhuns than 5,000 soldiers, Mr. Harry Rogers, Electrical Engineer, of Warrington, says that, when he was "approached and asked if his address could be used for letters," he had no idea that the advertisement would be in the form in which it was issued, nor was he made acquainted with the nature of the scheme—and in these circumstances he repudiates the advertisement altogether. On which showing the audacity of Leese appears to be as phenomenal as the nature of Mr. Rogers is trustful.

Que Voulez Vous?

It is easier for the Central Control Liquor Board to make a regulation that everybody is to stand his own drinks than it will be to enforce it. If a company are determined to stand one another drinks, especially where it is a case of standing drinks to people otherwise unable to get one, who can prevent them? This is the land of the jolly good fellow, and when it comes to passing a coin for the purpose he will simply decline to let his right hand know what his left hand doeth.

Hedge-Creeping at Harrogate.

Confirmation of what we have often said about the prowling Puritans is furnished in a note supplied to us by a well-known resident of Harrogate. "I wish to tell you," he says, "with what indignation the officers and men of the regiments stationed here view the introduction of a Women's Vigilance or Hedge-creeping Society. These creatures are mainly recruited from the ranks of local Nonconformist bethels, and comprise married women and old maids. They start out secretly at 9 p.m. and sneak quietly along the backs of hedges and trees, and immediately they hear any rustling or talking they stealthily approach and switch on a flashlight. They do not say anything to the soldier, but this was said by one of them to a young lady seated with a sergeant of Yorkshire Hussars: 'I think it is time you were at home. I am only telling you for your good,' etc.; to which the sergeant replied: 'Excuse me, madam! I can take care of my young lady friend.' The creature then fled. I am writing because I think it is time these puritanical pests were exposed; they need their deplorable minds scouring in the full light of day. I personally know several local ladies who have declined to associate themselves with so horrible an espionage." Oh, dear; oh, dear!

The Policeman's Job.

Only one magistrate had the sense to protest when a girl was brought up at Lurgan Petty Sessions for walking her bicycle homewards without a light. He suggested that the charge was wasting the time of the Bench and of the police, who, if they looked about them, might find more serious offences to deal with. There were, for instance, plenty of motorists who drove through populous streets at excessive speed, a danger to all. The rest of the magistrates disagreed, and the Bench, being an Irish one, first let off a man who had no light on his cart, and then docked the young lady of one shilling and costs for having none on her bike, which she was pushing by hand. We agree with Mr. Byrne, the protesting J.P., that trained men like Lurgan policemen could find employment in the country's interest more important than building up a "case" too petty even for Petty Sessions.

Preaching and Pictures.

Wondrous is the unanimity of zealots who agree to differ; Nonconformists who decline to conform to the opinion of others notoriously disagree about their own. At Paignton, the Baptists are perturbed because the Justices will not permit the local picture-house to be used for Sunday services. At Belfast, the General Assembly of the Presbyterians was enlivened by a spirited protest against a picture-hall being used for religious services. A reverend gentleman said it was idle to put in a stained-glass window to make the place look like a church, and then allow clog-dancing on the platform. It is sad when solemn minds clash so confoundedly, but modesty prevents us from arbitrating their arguments. They must fight it out between themselves.

Beer at Bagthorpe Hospital.

A letter in the local papers reveals that Mr. C. L. Rothera, President of the Nottingham Temperance Association, is shocked beyond measure at the report which has reached him that in the military hospital at Bagthorpe some of the patients are allowed—beer! "I do devoutly pray," he says, "that it may be rigorously excluded at least from our military hospitals." On the other hand, we devoutly pray that bees may be excluded from Mr. Rothera's bonnet.

For the "John Bull" pen coupon, see page 28.

BARKS AND BITES.

BY ARNOLD WHITE.

(Mr. White this week completes his series of notes, under the above heading. We hope, however, to secure further contributions from his facile pen at an early date.)

Enemy Cash and Ships.

In the most respectful spirit, I suggest to his Majesty's Government that it is no use asking the middle and working classes to economise and to abstain from meat unless Ministers follow suit and lay hands on enemy goods, ships and cash in order to reduce the weight of the burdens which are laid upon us and our Allies. Although Britain is not going to allow bygones to be bygones, this is not the time to gird at the late Ministry for neglect which is unaccountable on any other plea than that of incompetence or of cosmopolitanism. I rejoice to learn that the Navy League has taken up this question of the confiscation of German ships and German funds in the hands of the Public Trustee. The Hun is vulnerable in two places —his stomach and his pocket. Being a proved liar, he is incompetent to sign a valid treaty. Therefore the end of the war will not for us mean peace with Germany, but an armistice if the war ends before Berlin is occupied, Essen destroyed and Von Tirpitz's fleet sunk. Further, the confiscation of all German property within the Empire would enable an alert Government to reward war services, whether in the air or on the sea or under the sea, with the promptness and dispatch of King George when he conferred the V.C. on the late Flight Sub.-Lieut. Warneford, R.N.

Unclaimed Balances.

While on the subject of tapping new sources of revenue from the enemy to lighten the burdens that rest on our shoulders, is it not high time to compel the banks of Great Britain and Ireland to disgorge to the nation all the unclaimed balances and unclaimed property in their custody? The Law Courts were built out of unclaimed money. Britain wants money. Many millions of pounds for the King are available from the Banks. Nothing but privilege and precedent stand in the way. Unclaimed money does not belong to the bankers, and can therefore only belong to the nation. Mr. McKenna, as a burning patriot, will now move in the matter. If the unclaimed money in the banks and the enemy property in the Empire were seized, Britain would be able to allow the sailor, like the soldier, to send home his letters free. The sailor's wife, with five children, receives four shillings a week less than the soldier's wife in a like case. Why?

Aircraft Engines.

Several medical men are retained by the Government as consultants with honoraria of £5,000 per annum, with the right to continue their ordinary practice. At the same time the Air Service has been starved for mechanism. The French Gnome engine is better than the British; the German Mercedes is better than the French. The German engine is unique, not only for design but for material. The chemical composition of the metal used by the Germans for their air engines is an undiscovered secret, though the best British metallurgists are as good or better than their German rivals. Had five engineers and steel masters been retained at fees of £5,000 per annum contingent upon the successful invention or improvement of the Gnome and Mercedes engine, it is improbable that the raids of the Zeppelins, which are made with impunity on the coasts of Britain, would have taken place. Shortage of shell is a formula. Shortage of directing ability in the highest places at the beginning of the war has already cost us at least five hundred million sterling and two million casualties.

Ordeal by Lawyers.

Mr. F. S. Oliver in his new book "Ordeal by Battle" traces most of the mischief and failure of the last ten months to the superfluity of lawyers in the Government and to the fetish worship of the Party system. The lawyers' experience makes them unsafe guides in practical matters, because their experience is made up of an infinite number of scraps cut out of other people's lives. The engineer, the shopkeeper, the manufacturer, the artisan, the doctor, or the shipmaster who blunders suffers in purse and person for his blunder. His clients or his customers leave him. Not so the lawyer. His errors are visited upon others; his success or his failure depends largely, not on matters of fact, but on the clever marshalling of words, on attitudes and posturings before judges who were advocates and juries who are not advocates.

A portion of the Business side of the late Administration has done well. Our troops at the front have never been without food for a day since the 4th August, 1914, with the single exception of twelve hours during the battle on the Marne. None of the chiefs of the Army Service Corps is a lawyer or a Society man. They work on business lines. The Postal Services have delivered a hundred tons of mail matter to the troops every four hours. None of the Post Office people is a lawyer or a Society man. The Preventive Medical Service has extirpated disease from the front, has saved tens of thousands of lives and has established a record for scientific precision and business-like capacity in the handling of germs, wounds and disease. But when we come to the Departments for which lawyers are responsible we discover confusion worse confounded. Shortage of shell is not due to the soldiers, but to the policy imposed on the country by Party politicians and lawyers, who, being entrenched in privilege, are without the sense of jeopardy.

Enemy Aliens.

Count Paul Metternich is at last interned. But why the delay about the other enemy aliens? The Government are our friends. As a friend of the Government I would assure them in all sincerity that the tempestuous anger with which the immunity of enemy aliens is regarded by the great, silent nation is ominous of eruption which no Government can control. While there is yet time, act. Forbid the German language in the streets or public places. Confiscate all enemy property, and confiscate soon, or it will be too late.

The Day of Reckoning Coming.

As this is the last time I shall address the great audience of readers of JOHN BULL—for the present—I am emboldened to say that the consequences of the Party politicians' failure to handle the problem of war with common sense and fidelity to the country's needs may possibly lead to grave consequences. The nation does not forgive or forget. In the national interest it is necessary to keep silent now, but the men who are responsible for leaving alien enemies at large are responsible for the succession of incendiary fires ignited by those aliens. The men who are responsible for allowing cotton to enter Germany by not making it contraband of war on 5th August, 1914, are responsible for the toll of lives taken from the British, Colonial and Indian peoples in consequence of the free import into Germany of the raw material of munitions. What form the punishment of these men will take may only be conjectured. There is no doubt that an impartial survey of the facts will require the infliction of condign punishment on somebody.

WHY NOT SUSPEND PARLIAMENT?

MR. ASQUITH'S SWAN SONG—A PLEA FOR THE CLOSING OF THE TALKING SHOP TILL AFTER THE END OF THE WAR.

We have practically suspended racing, and cricket, and football—three healthy, exhilarating, manly sports—and now why not the dullest and most unsportsmanlike of all games, that of Party politics? If only Members of Parliament could realise how small a part they are playing to-day in the great world-drama; how their parrot-prating platitudes jar upon the public; how sick and weary the country is of their everlasting scheming and bickering; how utterly indifferent is the Man-in-the-Street to their "debates" and "proceedings"—they would hide themselves till after the war. Nobody wants them—and, least of all, their constituents. "Closed during the war" is the notice which should be put on the doors of both Houses, and the members who are too old to go to the front should enlist as clerks, or 'bus conductors, or ticket collectors, or railway porters—or in any other capacity in which, for a time, they would be doing useful work, and earning at any rate a portion of their salaries. At present it is a scandal that they should be drawing £400 a year from the taxpayer for just dropping into St. Stephen's twice a week and embarrassing the Government with silly questions. You see, we are referring to the ordinary, or "private" member, as he is called. By all means let us keep the Government going. It may not be the ideal in Administration for the greatest empire of the world; but it is the best we can do at the moment; and it has one important function, *and one only*, to perform. It has to vote the men and the money required by the Army and the Navy, and to make such regulations for the public safety as the exigencies of the war may require. Therein lies its whole duty; the rest is for Lord Kitchener and the Admiralty.

How To Do It.

And this is how it should be done. One meeting of Parliament, at which a Bill should be passed in all its stages, through both Houses, authorising the raising, if necessary by compulsion, of any number of men asked for by the naval and military authorities; the expenditure of any amount of money necessary for carrying on the war; and the making by Proclamation, under Orders in Council, of any Regulations considered necessary for the safety of the people and the protection of property. And then we could go about our business, all of us doing our little bit according to our lights and opportunities, and submitting willingly to the curtailment of our ordinary rights and liberties. War, and such war as this one, is a ghastly and a bloody business, appealing to all the primeval, savage instincts of mankind; and to talk about "representative government" and "political freedom," about "popular control" and the "voice of the people," and all the rest of it, is sheer nonsense—whilst the fighting lasts. It is a soldier's and a sailor's job. They have received their orders—which are to wipe Germany off the face of the earth at any cost, at any sacrifice; and *our* duty is to place at their disposal everything we have in the world—our lives, our property—our bodies and our souls. We have divided up the various interests of the nation into what are called Government Departments, and at the head of each, by common consent, we have put somebody or the other called a statesman, armed with full authority to do with us whatever may be necessary—or *thought* to be necessary (it is all the same in time of war)—to carry the thing through, under the supreme direction of the Army and the Navy Chiefs. When it is all over, we will hold an inquest upon the whole thing, and we will know how to deal with those who have failed in their trust; but there is no room for the common or garden politician, and there is no room for talk. When people are in grim earnest they don't talk. We want a silent nation.

Parliament from Without.

Let us just take a glance at Parliament from the point of view of the man outside. Its State opening is a picturesque and interesting survival. The gorgeous spectacle within St. Stephen's amuses many good people, gives a fillip to trade, and hurts nobody. The solemn reading by the King of a speech prepared by his Cabinet deceives not a soul, and is constitutionally correct. Historically regarded, the pageant is by no means devoid of interest and even of value. It tends to impress the popular mind with a due sense of awe, just as the scarlet and ermine and the full wigs of the judges give the average litigant a proper feeling of "the creeps." Besides, when you come to think of it, it is as well that this twentieth-century Parliament of ours should be opened with thirteenth-century forms. It is not really out of place for King George V. to follow in the footsteps of the third Edward, or for Mr. Asquith to strive to comport himself as good old Simon de Montfort may be supposed to have done. These things, however, are not wholly inapt, for they typify an obvious truth. The fact is, that we have grown out of our Parliament, just as we have outgrown these archaic mummeries. The days of the Great Pretence are numbered. For ages Tories and Liberals have been engaged in "great argument about it and about," as old Omar put it, whilst we have all been "going out by the same door as in we went." But a change is coming over the scene. The great war has opened our eyes, and has taught us that in the last resort it is to the common sense, business instinct and experience of the nation—and not to the jargon of lawyers, or the platitudes of Party—that we must look for the preservation of our Empire and the welfare of our race. And thus it has come about that the man outside the House now takes very little interest in what goes on inside. He views this last experiment of

Coalition with resignation. It was the only thing left, he reflects—and it will fill the gap till after the war. Then Parliament itself will be one of the first things to go into the melting-pot. A Committee of National Business will take the place of the House of Talkers—which, by the way, we believe is the true etymological meaning of the word Parliament. The basis of the present Franchise will have to be revised—the silly idea that the country lout or the street scavenger—good luck to both of them!—is as capable of deciding the affairs of the Empire as the most experienced citizen going by the board. Of course, neither of these good fellows has himself ever put forward such a claim; he has simply been "spoofed" into believing it—whilst the professional politicians and the lawyers (who are scarcely ever politicians at all) have been fleecing and exploiting him. And he is beginning to see through it. The war has done it. He *knows* now—alas! in too many cases to his bitter sorrow—that his rulers were all bluffed and hoodwinked by Germany; that they had allowed him to live in a Fools' Paradise; and that only after the British Empire had experienced a narrow escape from annihilation did they confess their ineptitude and cry out piteously for men of Business to come and save them.

ADJOURN *Sine Die.*

What *is* the use of the House meeting? It is at the best of times half empty—small as it is—whilst now, with a couple of hundred members on active service, it is difficult to keep a quorum. Only the other day Mr. McKenna was deprived of the luxury of letting off his first Budget speech—on the second reading of the Finance Bill—because all the members present were either asleep or too "tired" to take any part in the proceedings. Let the farce end. Of course, with a Business Government, the House would be subdivided into various Committees—each charged with responsibility for some department of war work, and each consisting of men who understood it. A business man like Sir Arthur Markham, for instance, would not be wasting his time trying to drive common sense into the heads of some of our Ministers. He would be on the Coal Committee; just as Mr. R. P. Houston would be on the Shipping Committee. And so we might go on. But *cui bono?* The old show is played out, and the best thing it can do is to adjourn till the war is over—when it can be called together, *pro forma*, to pass the account to be rendered to Germany, and to ratify the terms of the Treaty which will have been signed, sealed and delivered without its knowledge or consent.

MR. ASQUITH'S SWAN SONG.

Have you noticed the piteous tears which the Party men have recently been shedding? A few weeks ago we had Mr. Bonar Law ingenuously referring to the "pretences and unrealities" of "ordinary political life," whilst the other day we quoted Mr. Lloyd George's confession that for years past we have been employing methods which, "even in peace," would not have enabled us "to maintain our place as a nation much longer." And now comes Mr. Asquith's Swan Song. It is in the form of his apology to his followers for the formation of the Coalition Government; and is probably the last plea we shall hear for the old Party system. Nothing so pitiful was ever spoken in the House of Commons. During the past ten months, it appears, all the Prime Minister's colleagues have "discharged with undeviating loyalty *and with unexampled efficiency*, the heaviest load which has ever fallen upon the shoulders of British statesmen." That, we suppose, is why they have been thrown overboard! And you are not for a moment to imagine that the old game is really up. "I recede from nothing," said Mr. Asquith—"I abandon nothing; I sacrifice nothing. What I have held in the past, I hold to-day as strongly and tenaciously as I have ever done." Of course that is all merely a sop for the faithful hacks; but let it pass. We want to direct attention to a much more important part of the speech—in which the sham and humbug and absurdity of the old system are so beautifully crystallised as to constitute a classic. Mr. Asquith was referring to the Party truce which preceded the Coalition, and this is how he put it: "Party issues were by general consent suspended and put on the shelf. The *normal function* of an Opposition—*which is to oppose the Government of the day*—had been REPLACED by an attitude of *responsible and patriotic criticism*." What do you think of that? Not only is the Government of the day to be systematically "opposed," but, admittedly, the system—which Mr. Asquith was still defending—was neither "responsible" nor "patriotic." And yet he "recedes from nothing" and "abandons nothing." But the delicious confession is not yet complete. The present experiment of "actual and visible co-operation, unreserved and wholehearted concentration upon the single purpose" of finishing the war, "is a great and, as many people consider, a *hazardous experiment* that none of us would have chosen. . . . None of us very much like it, and our friends on both sides are *doubtful, suspicious, bewildered*, and perhaps PAINED." *Pained* at the introduction of a "responsible" and "patriotic" policy, and at the concentration upon the one great purpose of ending the war! *Now* do you realise the fraud of Party Government? And just consider, too, its inherent nonsense. The "duty" of the one side—the Opposition—is to "oppose" whatever the King's Ministers think necessary for the good government of the nation. Try the experiment on the Board of a Railway Company, or any other big concern. Divide it into two sections, sitting on either side of the table—the one automatically "opposing" whatever the other proposes. What would be the result? Do you know? *It would be exactly what it was in the case of the nation when war broke out*—CHAOS. There you have it—a ghastly object lesson in real life. Nothing ready; everyone taken by surprise; one Minister contradicting another; one quarrelling with another.

And the price has been paid in blood and tears, and wasted treasure!

Still, if we have not killed the Germans, we have killed the wickedest fraud ever perpetrated upon a people. We have killed Party.

But the price has been high.

Gott strafe the Party Politicians!

SOMETHING BETTER THAN GAS.

£10,000 FOR YOU—WAKE UP, ELECTRICIANS! HOW THE WAR WILL BE WON.

By A. G. Hales.

Men who buy from the enemy sell their country. Men who sell directly or indirectly to the enemy material which can be converted into munitions of war are part and parcel of the foe's forces. We have long had such people in our midst; we have them yet; they do not trade direct with Germany; they sell to neutrals, who pass the goods on to the Kaiser's agents. These ignoble souls are British-born, but are Germans in heart, and pillars in high places, some of them. Let us look at the cotton trade of this country as an instance. In March, 1914, only forty-eight tons of cotton was exported from Britain to Sweden; in March, 1915, the British exporters sent across two hundred and seventy tons! In April, 1914, these patriots sent three hundred and twenty-five tons to the same destination, and in April, 1915, Sweden received from our own shores no less than *one thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven* tons, and yet Sweden for her own use was not making up a pound more cotton than in 1914! What was the cause of the demand? Is there, *can* there be any doubt that the demand came indirectly from Krupp's great German munition factory? Glance at the figures in regard to Holland, another neutral situated with convenient closeness to Germany. In March, 1914, our British patriots exported to the Dutchmen sixty-two tons of cotton only. In March, 1915, our own folk sent over two thousand two hundred and ninety-two tons of cotton. In April, 1915, these pillars of our State dispatched to Holland one thousand nine hundred and eighty-five tons, and I have been unable to discover any great advance in manufacture in Holland. Where did all that cotton go? It is not in Holland now; it was never used there. The importance of this trade lies in the fact that, without cotton, guns and rifles are practically useless. If that cotton went to Germany—and I believe it did, though I cannot prove it—then the British exporters have (some of them) been fighting against their own country and helping to kill and maim their own countrymen; for an exporter or importer of war material is as much a part of an army as the men who fire the guns.

Cotton Not Contraband of War.

Cotton is not, and has not been contraband of war, thanks to the semi-insanity of someone in authority, and all exporters could shelter themselves behind that fact; but what can we think of men who for the sake of profit would place cotton where it had a chance of falling into the hands of those who would use it to slay their brothers? Every one of them should be shipped out of Britain and sent as a present to the Kaiser, with a cotton halter round his neck. A lot of our people have been blaming Americans for keeping Germany going in cotton. I think they might with justice look nearer home for the culprits. They are not working men, or middle-class men; they are big men, these lovely souls whose very trade was being fought for by our sailors and soldiers. They are a beautiful gang for a brave man to go forth and risk his life for. And cotton is not the only thing used by Krupps that has been going, and *is* going from these shores to convenient neutral countries—countries adjacent to Germany. And we sit still and talk about Licences and Permits, and the rights of trade. There are times when it seems to me that the "gold-bugs" of this country would sell us lock, stock and barrel to the enemy if they had the opportunity, and it also appears that the authorities are prepared to let them do anything, no matter how heinous, if they only have a big bank balance. One might almost be forgiven for thinking that the "Golden Calf" of ancient Israel had become the god of Britain, and I am not sure it is not. Here are a few things to ruminate over. Through what channel did the Germans get most of the iron ore they imported to make steel to manufacture the latest guns now being used against us, and the steel for the shells? What country filled the German bunkers with coal? Think of it—iron, coal, cotton—then think of our fine lads fighting to keep the trade routes open. It is enough to make a man's soul turn grey. Much as I am against the Germans, I do not believe their merchants or traders or shippers would so have shamed their manhood or wronged their country. We have a lot of scum manhood in Great Britain, and much of it floats near the top.

How the War will be Won.

We are going to win this war, in spite of the poor quality of the patriotism of many from whom we had a right to expect so much, but the struggle will pass through many phases before we get to Berlin. From the outset I have argued that the chemist and the inventor would play as great a part in the final stages of the struggle as the soldier and sailor. Many others are beginning to see things in the same light now. We have had the big-gun phase, but one big gun has minimised the terrors of the others. We had and have the submarine phase, and the Zeppelin phase of the war, and the chemist has come upon the scene with poison gas. But the great factor yet to be reckoned with is *Electricity*, and in that area of action we can, if we bend our minds to the task, get ahead of the Germans. Years ago, when in America, I was talking with an employee who was in the confidence of the greatest practical electrical inventor of all time, and he assured me that if America was ever invaded, his employer had a secret that would wipe out armies as a child wipes figures from a slate—but hating war and all pertaining to war, he would yield up his secret only in case of national peril, and never would he consent to give it up to firebrand politicians to exploit. I believe he spoke the truth; I firmly think that the electrician is going, ere many months are over, to play a gigantic part in this world's war.

A Chance for Fame and Fortune.

We have a host of clever men who know a good deal concerning electricity, and I believe if all who have practical knowledge would throw their thinking forces into this channel, it would not be long before an invention would be in the hands of the War Office that would render it impossible for the foe to take the field. Since the bow and arrow age thousands of millions of pound has been spent by the nations on perfecting guns and rifles. No sane man will say that the improvement, vast as it is, is proportionate to the outlay of money, time and effort. A simple device perfected by some electrician in a little workshop will ere long upset all the vast output of Krupps and kindred factories, and perhaps make war impossible, as far as the use of hordes of soldiers is concerned.

There is money in it, as well as patriotism. An electrical mechanic who can invent something that will make trench fighting at *thirty yards* distance impossible can pick up £10,000 as easily as he can fill his pipe. Why not have a try at it now? Never mind the big scheme for sweeping an area of twenty miles with a flash of flame—that will come in due course. You bend your brains to the task of the twenty or thirty yard problem; solve that, and the war—and perhaps all war—is over.